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THE MUSIC OF THE REST
AND
OTHER VERSE

BY

KATHARINE M. HALE

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C.J.F.R.

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To
K. E. B. and M. E. C.
These Thoughts
are affectionately and gratefully
dedicated

Go forth, oh, children of my heart, and take to other hearts and lives the blessing and the cheer that you have brought to mine.

K. M. H.

Devotional

The Music of the Rest

Come ye apart—and rest awhile.—*Mark 6:31.*

In the grand oratorios of Life—
God writes us unexpected rests!
These break the rush, the strain, the storm, the strife,
And are our surely needful tests!
How these are kept, not reaching for the next
Nor clinging to the former strain—
In perfect waiting—listening for the text
To make the Master's meaning plain
Proves or disproves our individual skill.
Some high, some low, some intermediate sing
Each voice is needed in its part,
Tho' one in solo rise on peerless wing,—
Lost in the chorus one! An art
Divinely wise, brings, here and there, a rest!
And he—I'd tell it o'er and o'er—
Sings best, who, losing self,—interprets best
In notes or rests,—throughout the score—
The Master's grand, eternal, loving will!

At Morning Dawn

Rest in the Lord.—*Ps. 37-7*

Today, my soul, be thou at rest,
God's power shall do for all what's best,
God's power, not thine; be thou at rest.

Today, my soul, be thou at rest,
God's love is wide as east from west,
God's love, not thine; be thou at rest.

Today, my soul, be thou at rest,
God's light illumines every test,
God's light, not thine; be thou at rest.

Today, my soul, be thou at rest,
God's work shall be forever blest,
God's work and thine; be thou at rest.

Hymn

Abba Father, Life Divine!
Make Thine own this life of mine!
Keep it ever from this hour,—
Subject to Thy will and power!

Holy Spirit, Light Divine
Dwell within this heart of mine!
So light up its inmost core
Sin can darken it no more!

Jesus, Savior, Love Divine!
Fill with love this heart of mine!
Shall not souls be born to Thee
When I love, as Thou lov'st me.

Rest

Psalms 121:4

Oh, weary ones, when, worn with care,
Long nights sleep hath not broken—
Think how One, gentle, loving, fair,
Hath sent to thee this token.—
"Come, rest thee now, and rest thee ever,
Thy Keeper sleepeth never!"

Why need we borrow anxious pain
For each unknown tomorrow?
As in the past, so yet again,
E'en through some coming sorrow,
The Lord will keep us and hath kept,—
Never through ages hath He slept!

So, night or day, we peaceful rest,
Our robes of trust around us,—
Secure that he that knows us best,
Who loved us as He found us,—
Ever in his own name will keep,
Nor slumber will, nor sleep!

Thine, Jesus, Thine

Consecration Hymn

Thine, Jesus, Thine!
I am no longer mine;
I glad Thy sov'reignty confess,
And own Thee, Lord, my Righteousness.
Thine, Jesus, Thine. Thine, Jesus, Thine!

Thine, wholly Thine:
I nothing keep as mine.
A loving service mine shall be,
For Thou art "All in all" to me!
Thine, Jesus, Thine. Thine, Jesus, Thine!

Thine, ever Thine;
Nor doubts nor fears are mine,
In dark or light, to Thee I bow,
In life or death my King art Thou!
Thine, Jesus, Thine. Thine, Jesus, Thine!

Morning Hymn

Safely through another night,
Thou hast brought us to the light,
Help us, Lord, through all this day,
Look to Thee in every way!
Be our Guide, our Light, our Shield,
Be in every power we wield!

Through the happy morning hour,
Through the midday sun or shower,
As the day sinks toward the west,
And the twilight brings us rest,—
Be Thou every moment still
Soverign of our life and will!

In each thought, each work, each deed,
May Thy Holy Spirit lead!
So in us Thy will be done
While this day its course doth run—
That we may be nearer Thee,
Here,—and through eternity.

Looking Upward

Oh, what it must be, to be yonder,
Away from all toil and all fret,
Forever no doubt, and no wonder,
Nor aught we would wish to forget!

It's lovely down here in the gloaming,
With choicest of blessings and friends,
But oh! who would hinder our roaming
Where joy's rarest light never ends.

In Time of Gloom

The night is dark, my blessed Lord.
I cannot see Thy face,
Nor can I reach nor touch Thy hand—
But I will trust Thy grace.

Coldness and doubt envelop me,
Distrust and fear o'erwhelm,—
Yet in my face firm fixed toward Thee—
Whose sure hand guides my helm.

The Lord Our Righteousness

Borne down by sin, and grief, and shame,
O'erwhelmed with sense of helplessness—
I hear the sweetness of this name—
"The Lord our Righteousness!"

I see my sins as scarlet flame,
As filthy rags the best I've done:—
Yet clear above them shines this name—
"The Lord our Righteousness!"

Such blessing can I never claim!
Yet humbly question,—"Can it be
He beareth willingly this name—
"The Lord our Righteousness!"

My Lord! my Savior from above!—
—So melt my sins and griefs away!
I rise to sing—blest name of Love,—
"The Lord our Righteousness!"

The Door of My Lips

Keep Thou the door of my lips, dear Lord,
That it open not to an evil word;
Nor wrong, nor untruth, nor envy, nor strife;
Unlovable thought, nor doubt, nor distrust,
Dreading of death, nor impatience of life,
Nor aught I might say through judgment unjust—
Of pain to Thine own, dishonor to Thee,
O, keep Thou the door of my lips for me!

There Shall be no Night There

For forty years no light!
Darkness as utter night!
Patience and gentleness—
Ah! who could fail to guess
How these have grown apace
Looking in her dear face!

Her sad eyes gently closed—
As if a task imposed—
Till inner visions rise
Too rare for mortal eyes;
—Half told though—in a smile
Of radiance—the while!

All the sweet sights of earth—
—Dream we how much they are worth?
Which blest her eyes of yore
May bless them never more!
This, as I saw her last,—
But now all darkness past.

Hepatica

Oh! darling blue Hepatica!
Of thee no poets song I know,
Thou art not praised by sage or wit,
And yet I love, I love thee so!
A baby queen thou standest erst,—
Wrapped in the daintiest, softest furs,
Today an arched heaven of blue
And filled with tiniest golden stars!

Early Violet (*Johnnie Jump-up*)

The same little blossom whose head laid low,
Death pale and shivering under the snow,
While the bitter north wind moaned round her grave,
And the snow bird its sad tribute gave,—
Has opened her eyes in glad surprise,
On the fresh green earth and the soft spring skies!
With the song of birds her purple and gold,—
Through the dew drops kissed,—grew bright as of old,
And the breath of perfume, like sweetest of dreams,
Floats forth on the sunshine and baths in its beams.

So let us, my darling, if life prove cold,
And our quivering hearts in pain untold
Bend low 'neath lost hope or the winds of change,
Tho' friends the dearest grow icily strange
And darkness of winter lies 'round above—
Think oft of the violets pure true love—
And keep in our hearts some purple and gold
To grow bright when songs of new spring have told,
When music of Life,—fresh joy unfolds,
Our eye a new lease of living beholds!

Flower Dreams

Who knows what the dreams of the flowers may be
As they lie in their white winter beds?
Not one bit of the earth or the sky they see
For the blanket of snow o'er their heads.

All wrapped in sweet slumbers, how snugly they lie,
Through all the long and cold dreary days,
For no rude blast of wind will they ope an eye
However so long the Ice King stays.

Are they telling their dreams in odors and tints
When they come at the call of the birds?
Of what fairy dream lands are colors the hints
And sweet odors both music and words?

Ah! blossoms, dear blossoms you teach,
And what comfort you bring to us too,
How deep in our hearts with your perfume you reach,
And what memories bring you to view?

Spring Song

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The robin sings his song of cheer,
The bluejay calls, the insects hum,
And all the world knows Spring has come.
Wake! flowrets, wake!

Thy sleep is long,—'tis time 'twas o'er
And all thy dreams—through open door
And lifted draperies of snow,
Into harmonious hues should flow.
Wake! flowrets, wake!

Wilt thou not hear me call to thee,—
Thy darksome bed in gladness flee—
Crocus! and sweet violet?
Hepatica! What! Dreaming yet?
Wake! flowrets, wake!

The snow drops surely should be out!
And pansies! Are you still in doubt?
Children through all the garden nooks,
Call you with eager, searching looks,
Wake! flowrets, wake!

Young men and maidens sad return,
From quest of you, through wood and burn,
With leafless twigs and bloomless stems,
For earth holds still our dearest gems.
Wake! flowrets, wake!

The brow of care, the hand of greed,—
Youth's glee, life's joy and grief,—all need
Thy fragrant messages of love,—
Thy color tones from songs above.
Wake! flowrets, wake!

The whole world knows that Spring has come!
The robin's here to build his home,
The blue bird sings his song of love,
Sunshine and warmth, around, above!
Wake! flowrets, wake!

A June Idyl

Soft and low, soft and low,
The shadows lie upon the grass:
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
The brooklet murmurs as you pass,
Cowslips, buttercups and grass
Smileth, bowing as you pass,
Cowslips, buttercups and grass!

Sweet and dear, sweet and dear,
The maiden's song upon the air,
Light and free, light and free,
The zephyrs sporting with her hair,
Zephyr, maiden, song and air,
Sunshine glinting through her hair,
Zephyr, maiden, song and air!

Blithe and gay, blithe and gay,
Sings the oriole his tune,
Rare and fine, rare and fine
The roses blossoming in June.
Roses, oriole and tune,
Water lilies too in June,
Lilies, roses, oriole, tune!

Firm and pure, firm and pure,
Another voice joins in the song!
Rosy blush, rosy blush,
Tells the tale now borne alone!
Maiden, lover, blush and song,—
Wedding bells the strains prolong.
Lovers, wedding bells and song!

November

Chill and gray, chill and gray.
The flowers lie dead 'neath Autumn's sway:
Dark and old, dark and old,
The bare trees stretch their arms in pain;
Leafless, hueless, in the rain,
Hopeless, sorrowful and cold!

Bright and gay, bright and gay,
Thanksgiving feasts are on their way!
Cheer and jest, cheer and jest,
Ring out their merriest refrain,
Kin and lovers meet again,
Songful, praiseful, at their best,

Miscellaneous

Columbia The Glorious

1. We sing our own—our native land
Columbia the glorious:
Its prairies rich, its mountains grand,
Columbia the glorious:
Its famous rivers, broad and free,
From lakes to gulf, from sea to sea—
God's hand hath wrought triumphantly—
Columbia the glorious:

2. Our father's God, bless Thou our lands,
Columbia the glorious:
Make us a strong united band—
Columbia the glorious,
Let honor reign, let truth be won—
From eastern shores to setting sun—
Be right and faith victorious.
Columbia the glorious.

3. Make us a nation grand and true—
Columbia the glorious;
Whose perfect peace the world may view,
Columbia the glorious;
Let love—with wisdom, justice, might,
Drive out the wrong, bring in the light—
To shine o'er all victorious
Columbia the glorious.

4. "Forward and upward" be our aim,
Columbia the glorious,
Pure hearts and lives our right to fame—
Columbia the glorious;
Fearless the firm, Thy work begin
Each day fare forth new fields to win—
Life's battle Thine—victorious—
Columbia the glorious!

Thanksgiving

Today brings back a dear Thanksgiving Day long past,
When she,—friend of my soul—who walks the golden street,
Walked by my side o'er newly fallen snow as white,
Through air as crisp, 'neach sunset skies as rosy hued!
Such long mauve shadowy lines of light athwart the sheen
Of sky and earth! Tall trees were etched against the sky
And here and there across the snow,—gray bits or fruit,
Brown leaves of oak, red berries of the bitter-sweet,—
And one late bit of blue—fled past us on the wing!
I know Thanksgiving, aye and praise are here—all days
—For me,—chimneys and roofs bar out my fields of snow
And almost hide the sunset color of my sky:
—But there *is* sky! Now one by one the stars appear
While keeps my soul—faith, hope, and love!
Let us give thanks!

Gifts

O what can I send my dear friend
That will tell any part of my love for her?
There is nothing in gold or in gems, would lend
Any fragrant thought, like frankincense or myrrh,
Or that my sweet message of friendship could bear.
But here is a plant, full of buds and of bloom,
That I dearly want for myself, 'tis so rare;
I'll send this to her, 'twill be full of dear love,
It will brighten her days, and dissipate gloom;
Each bud as it opens, each color and tint,—
Of faithful affection will whisper a hint,
And while growing each year, growth of love will prove.
My own longing wish for the plant—she'll ne'er dream,
And the joy that it gives her,—my own shall seem.

(II)

Another dear friend I long to remember—
What would she like best as she lies on her bed?
And gift time draws near,—the last of December!
No word of impatience she ever has said;
But how many and long are the weary hours,
How slight are the hopes of recovering powers,
And how few her days of bright sunshine and cheer
Relieved from the weight of dread suffering and fear.
On a shelf one day,—among hundreds of books,
There looked out at me one,—I was charmed with its looks,
—Dainty binding, clear type, and softest of paper.
The prayers on its pages how trustful and strong!
I just loved this dear book, and cling to it still,
But how good it will be for one "shut in" and ill,
What strength'ning of faith, what revealings of bliss,
O, how happy I'll be when I've given her this.

A Song of Birthdays

When the years are few,
And this life is new,
A birthday means such a wonderful thing
That the heart and the voice burst forth and sing,
And the skies are filled with blossoms and song.

When the years are more,
Tho' beyond four-score,
And this life has taught us many a truth,
A birthday means all the joys of our youth,
Plus many more wonderful things ere long.

The best things we've seen
We've made ours I ween,
As we've trudged along life's varying way,
The bright, and the pure, the joyous and gay,
Beauty and sunshine to mem'ry belong.

But the pain and strife
Of the early life,
Are lost in the tender mists of the Past,
While light and cheer through eternity last,
And faith, hope, and love grow endlessly strong.

Two Score and Eight

The golden glories of the setting sun
Had softened to the rosy afterglow
Of autumn twilight, while alone she sat,
In calm content,—alone yet not alone,
And wondered "Had it really grown so late."
"The lines have fallen to me in pleasant ways—
My many years sit lightly on my heart,"
She said, "If I am truly forty-eight!"

"I seem like one who has left far behind
The restless strife and toil of early morn!
The passion and the bitterness of noon;
And all the disappointments of the day
Have vanished in the restful joy of faith
Which fills my soul at forty-eight!"

"Not that I count my day's work done,
For like the mothers who do most at night,
(Their darling little ones tucked safe in bed)
I'm hoping to make much of evening light!"

"So many days were lost in childish dreams,
So many more in heart-aches and in vain regrets,
And I have grown so young through years of pain,
(The Father's wondrous blessing to His chastened
child)
I scarce can think I am yet forty-eight!"

"Such gallant youths and maidens fair I claim,
So many children own me for a friend,
And happy homes have shared with me their cheer;
So many poor I see with hands outstretched,
And others crying for the 'Bread of Life'
I find scarce time for tears, the more for prayer
and work!
'At evening time it shall be light'—
I gladly sing this song at forty-eight."

Christmas Lullaby

Sleep darling babykin, sleep thou, oh, sleep!
Dream of the Holy One, Jesus our King,
Born in far Bethlehem, lambkins to keep,—
On Christmas, His birthday, praises we'll sing,
Sleep now, my babykin, sleep thou, oh, sleep.

Born in a manger, no cradle, no bed—
To wise men and shepherds watching for light,
The clear star in heaven shown over his Head,
And they brought Christmas gifts, wonderously bright,
To the dear Holy Baby; Sleep thou, oh sleep!

Sleep darling babykin, sleep thou, oh, sleep!
Jesus our Shepherd thy slumbers hath blessed,
And 'round thee His tenderest love shall keep
Watch while in quietude gently you rest,—
In joy at this Christmas-tide: sleep thou, oh, sleep!

The One Baby

Of all the dearest sweetest babies
'Neath the eternal and radiant sun,
Tell me anyone who pleases
Who's so sweet as just this one?
Papa's pet, and darling baby,
Mamma's love, and hope and joy,
Rose or lily, pink or pansy,
None's so sweet as just this boy.

He shall have whistles, kites and marbles,
Drums, and all such glorious fun.
Grandpa'll tell him "bye-lo" stories,
Grandma thinks he's "just the one."
Papa's pet, and darling baby,
Mamma's love, and hope, and joy,
Rose or lily, pink or pansy,
None's so sweet as just this boy.

See how soon his eyes he closes,
When the bell for dream-land rings,
Gently now his hands are folded,
While these words he softly sings—
"Papa's pet, and darling baby,
Mamma's love, and hope, and joy,
Rose or lily, pink or pansy,
None's so sweet as just this boy."

Baby's Song

Air—"Upidee"

The shades of sleep are falling fast,
Rock o'bye, rock o'bye,
The gates of dreamland almost past,
Rock o'bye, o'bye.
Who sings so sweetly now this song,
That lulls me gently all night long.

Rock o'bye, o'bye, o'bye, rock o'bye, rock o'bye,
Rock o'bye, o'bye, o'bye, rock o'bye, o'bye.

Who knows what lovely things they keep,
Rock o'bye, rock o'bye,
On dreamland shores, for boys who sleep,
Rock o'bye, o'bye.
What games we play with children dear,
What angel music then we hear?

Chorus

The eyes so open now must close,
Rock o'bye, rock o'bye,
The eyelids rest on cheeks of rose,
Rock o'bye, o'bye.
Forgotten now, the busy day,
At rest, nor cares he now for play.

Chorus

Cradle Song

Tune "My Bonnie"

My baby lies down on his pillow,
My baby with dimples so deep,
My baby lies down on his pillow,
Oh, rock now my baby to sleep.
Swing low, rock slow,
Rock now my baby to sleep, to sleep.
Swing low, rock slow,
Oh, rock now my baby to sleep.

The honey bee hums to the roses,
The honey bee hums a sweet tune,
The honey hums to the roses,
The roses that blossom in June.
Swing low, rock slow,
Rock now my baby to sleep, to sleep.
Swing low, rock slow,
Oh, rock now my baby to sleep.

Then blow, softly blow winds of summer,
Then blow ye my baby to sleep,
Then blow, softly blow winds of summer,
My darling, my baby's asleep!
Swing low, rock slow,
Rock slow, my baby's asleep, asleep.
Swing low, rock slow,
Oh, rock slow, my baby's asleep.

Good Night

Air—"Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye"

Sweet dreams come floating down this way,
Good night, my darling, good night!
Tired hands are folded now from play,
Good night, my darling, good night!
Thy mother loves thee warm and true,
Thy father blesses thee anew,
And kisses sweet we bring to you.
Good night, my darling, good night!
Sweet dreams come floating down this way,
Good night, my darling, good night!
Soft peace enfold thee now, I pray!
Good night, my darling, good night!

So still the house when thou 'rt asleep,
Good night, my darling, good night!
Soft shadows into corners creep,
Good night, my darling, good night!
No voice is heard like thine, my love,
So gently cooing like a dove,
With rippling laughter from above,
Good night, my darling, good night!
Sweet dreams are floating down this way,
Good night, my darling, good night!
Soft peace enfold thee now, I pray,
Good night, my darling, good night!

And soon the morning comes, so fair,
Good night, my darling, good night!
With joy and brightness everywhere,
Good night, my darling, good night!
Then gently close thine eyes so true,
The birdies sleep, the flowers too,
Now crickets softly sing for you.
Good night, my darling, good night!
Sweet dreams come floating down this way,
Good night, my darling, good night!
Soft peace enfold thee now, I pray,
Good night, my darling, good night!

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